

Rat in Soup

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32224054) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32224054>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Zak Ahmed/Darryl Noveschosch , Antfrost/VelvetIsCake (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Dylan BoomerNA (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity , Luke Punz , bunz - Character , Badboyhalo - Character , Skeppy - Character , Antfrost (Video Blogging RPF) , rat in soup , FoolishGamer , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Happy , Angst , Jealousy , Love , More tags to be added , Animal Death , Kissing , Size Difference , Vore , Fluff , Sleepy Cuddles , Gunshot Wounds , Repetition , Crack , Love Confessions , Hair Braiding , Major Character , Undeath , Song Lyrics , Foot Massage , One Shot Collection
Language:	English
Collections:	anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-27 Completed: 2021-11-30 Chapters: 12/12 Words: 8340

Rat in Soup

by Anonymous

Summary

Rat falls into some soup.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Boomer put the soup ladle to his lips and took a deep sip.

"How is the soup, the demographic cohort following the Silent Generation and preceding Generation X?", asked Quackity.

"It's quite good. Do you want some?".

"Of course", he replied. Quackity put the soup ladle to his lips and took a deep sip.

"How is the soup, the characteristic harsh sound made by a duck?", asked Punz.

"It's quite good. Do you want some?".

"Of course", he replied. Punz put the soup ladle to his lips and took a deep sip.

"How is the soup, a joke exploiting the different possible meanings of a word or the fact that there are words which sound alike but have different meanings?", asked Bad.

"It's quite good. Do you want some?".

"Of course", he replied. Bad put the soup ladle to his lips and took a deep sip.

"How is the soup, your butt is mine gonna tell you right just show your face in broad daylight?", asked Skeppy.

"It's quite good. Do you want some?".

"Of course", he replied. Skeppy put the soup ladle to his lips and took a deep sip.

"How is the soup, Scep Extra Too Slab Plays Live Vods Clips Shorts?", asked Antfrost.

"It's quite good. Do you want some?".

"Of course", he replied. Antfrost put the soup ladle to his lips and took a deep sip.

"How is he soup, a small insect, often with a sting, that usually lives in a complex social colony with one or more breeding queens, a deposit of small white ice crystals formed on the ground or other surfaces when the temperature falls below freezing?", asked Foolish.

"It's quite good. Do you want some?".

"Of course", he replied. Foolish put the soup ladle to his lips and took a deep sip.

"How is the soup, absurd crazy fantastic ill-advised insane irrational ludicrous preposterous ridiculous silly stupid unreasonable unwise asinine brainless cockamamy daffy daft dippy doltish dotty fatuous feebleminded half-baked half-witted harebrained ill-considered imbecilic imprudent incautious indiscreet injudicious jerky kooky loony lunatic mad moronic nerdy nutty senseless short-sighted simple unintelligent wacky weak witless zany?", asked the spirit of Rat, who had died becoming a delicious cauldron of soup for all her friends to enjoy.

"It's quite good. Do you want some?".

Rat smiled in such a way that only dogs can. "I think I will pass".

And so they finished their meal in peace.

The End

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

can't believe I forgot to put Skephalo kissing in the last chapter 😊 Have this to make up for that ❤

//tw there's vore in this one

Big daddy breasted boobily towards a bitch named Skeppy. Geppy looked up at him with the eyes that rested just below his ears.

"Hey you muffinhead, you wanna go kiss under the starlight?".

Zak nodded his ice cube head. "Yeth", he replied, tongue smacking against his chin.

"Radicool".

~~~~~

A non-descript taxi dropped them off at some park in bumfuck nowhere USA. They walked across the sidewalk that lacked any description. A fountain stood at the top of the hill they were currently escalating. It shimmered like the essence of fairies, and glimmered under the silvery full moon. Microscopic droplets scattered in the wind, creating a cool mist across the sun abandoned land. The loch was shockingly transparent, revealing the ocean of copper pennies and metallic coins gathered at the bottom of its reservoir.

Skeppy and Halo approached the waterworks very non-descriptly. The homunculus wrapped his hand around Darryl's forefinger, the closest thing to holding hands that they could do given their size difference.

"So like...", Baddy began. "Do I just pick you up, or...?".

"Sure".

"K".

The hulking behemoth of a man closed his fist around the baby's middle. He lifted him until they were eye level and smashed their faces together. Skeppy yelled muffled screams as his entire face was covered by the other's lips. Horrendous inhaled sharply, sucking the lilliputian up like a vacuum cleaner and sending him tumbling into the bottomless depths of his tummy.

"Whoops".

"It's okay", said Skeppy, who was still falling.

"Alright".

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The couch had never been more comfortable. Ant's cheek smushed against my thigh, a trickle of drool falling down my leg. He looked so peaceful in my lap. I tangled my fingers in his hair, loving the way his hot breath felt against my skin. The TV barely covered his noises as I sat underneath him.

A muffled buzzing came from somewhere among the cushions. I reached over my boyfriend, careful not to jostle him. I slid my hand under his shirt, feeling around the hem of his jeans. My fingertips grazed against something long and hard. Slowly I pulled it out of his clothing. Ant's cellphone glowed in my hand, displaying a name at the top of its screen. I pressed my finger to the green circle on the left and slid it across the device.

"Hey", Skeppy said from the phone's speaker. "How's the new apartment?".

"Cozy", I said.

"Where's Ant?", he asked.

"Sleeping", I said as if he could not hear him snoring loudly. "I've been pinned under him all night".

A laugh came from the other end. "Don't say it like that".

"Like what?", I asked, knowing that he was grinning as widely as I was.

"Anyway, you sound tired. How'd you sleep?".

"We were up unpacking boxes until 5 a.m. I was about to take a nap until you called".

"Well, I'm gonna let you go back to bed. Goodnight Velvet".

"Night".

I let Skeppy hang up before laying Ant's phone on the coffee table. My boyfriend shifted slightly on the couch before settling with his face turned towards the ceiling. In this position I could see his full lips, his fluffy hair, and every other part of his perfect face. It was exactly how I wanted to end each night, next to him, looking at him, feeling him beside me, listening to his breathing. I lightly kissed my index finger before gently pressing it against his cheek and stroking his hair. Soon enough I drifted off with him, feeling like the happiest man in the world.

### Chapter End Notes

Just a few more days.

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

//tw for big daddy's boomstick

Skeppy laid the package of Hersheys bars on the conveyer belt near the cashier. He hummed a song by Grouplove as he waited for the person in front of him to finish scanning their items. It was a pretty slow day. Only one check out lane was open and it was so quiet that he could hear customers walking on the other side of the store. He could not decide if it was creepy or peaceful to know how alone he was. It was unusual to see him shopping at midnight. The munchies had struck and he was too lazy to sit through the drive through at McDonalds, so a quick Wal-Mart run it was.

He vaguely noticed the sound of footsteps approaching the registers. He glanced over his shoulder to see the person as they came around the chips aisle. It was a man dressed in black with a small white dog nestled in his arms beside a heavy looking bag of dog food. As he got closer Skeppy noticed he was wearing round lensed glasses and that his hair was choppy and uneven as if it had been trimmed by someone who had never cut hair in their life. The dog barked loudly, the sound echoing around the nearly empty building. Its owner shushed it, gently rocking it for a moment before holding it closer towards his chest.

Wait...

"Bad?", Skeppy said out loud.

The man stood up straighter and quickly whipped his head around as if he had heard his name.

"Oh my god", Skeppy said, hands covering his mouth. It felt as though he had been punched in the face while also finding a million dollars on the ground.

"Oh my god, Bad!". He ran towards him, arms outstretched for a hug.

Bad finally turned his face towards him. His greenish eyes widened like a deer caught in headlights. The bag of pet chow dropped to the floor as the older of the two men reached towards his hip.

The next thing Skeppy knew he was on the ground with an unspeakable pain erupting through his entire body. He laid there on the floor, howling as he held his bleeding foot.

"Oh shoot", Bad said above him, slowly putting his gun back into its holster. "I thought you were a burglar".

~~~~~

"And that's why we can't meet up", Bad said. He stared at Skeppy's TeamSpeak icon, waiting to hear a response.

Skeppy stayed quiet for a long time. "Mhmm", he finally said, not sounding convinced at all. "I'm booking a plane ticket right now".

"SKEPPY NO-".

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

//tw for repetition

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ant ripped open the box to the chair he had bought at IKEA and dumped its contents onto the floor. After fishing the instructions manual out of the pile of miscellaneous parts he opened the booklet and took a long, hard look at the diagrams on each page. Once he had poured his eyes over that for a while he looked back at the pile. Then to the instructions. Then to the pile. Then to the instructions.

Finally Ant threw the manual at a wall and left the room.

"I'll just do this tomorrow".

Chapter End Notes

You can take my phone but you can't unsuck my dick Antfrost

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I kinda sorta promised I would write something about Foolish's abs on twitter, so here.

<https://twitter.com/VelvetIsCaked/status/1420972781596856322>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

fooolish's abs are so hard. like rock hard. abs of fucking steel. i know this because i punched him in the stomach the first time we met up. my hand broke. i had to explain to my doctor why i broke my hand on a dude's rock hard abs of steel, like so fucking hard.

Chapter End Notes

Some actual fanfiction coming soon. I've been busy with some IRL stuff lately and have been having a hard time getting into the headspace for writing. But this series isn't done, I'm just getting slower at putting out new chapters.

And thanks for reminding me to tag stuff like vore. I'm still learning how to use AO3, so I appreciate advice like that a lot.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Hairy Dream truthing.

<https://twitter.com/dreamwastaken/status/1424145796052750336>

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Be still for me".

Dream shivered. George's hands drifted down his back, leaving a trail of goosebumps wherever he touched. He gathered up all the loose strands of dirty blonde before compacting them into three ropes, all of which he began languidly tying together.

When Dream was younger he did not understand the appeal of having one's hair braided. Having to sit patiently while someone he could not see prodded at his scalp- he could not think of a more torturous way to spend several minutes. Whenever he was told to do his sister's hair he would put it off until their mother would do it instead.

But now, with his soulmate, he understood. George looked at him with admiration and touched him delicately as if he were a work of art. He handled the other's strands with care, rubbing each well conditioned follicle between his fingers. His face was so close to Dream's that he could feel his breath against his skin. It was like heaven.

"You're going to look so pretty", George had told him. "As pretty as you deserve to be".

After what seemed like both an eternity and much too little time, the Briton began wrapping the end of the braid in an emerald silk ribbon. He held the cord he had just weaved for a moment as if he were impressed with his own handiwork. A moment later the bullion fell against the other's side. Soft hands gripped his shoulders and gently gave him a reassuring squeeze.

"One more side, baby. You can do this".

The Floridan felt himself blush at the nickname. No matter how many times he heard George call him that it always left him feeling like he had swallowed a kaleidoscope of butterflies. Part of that was due to how rare it was for his friend to express any sort of PDA. He had trouble putting his emotions into words around other people; and with his life being constantly filmed after landing in Florida that made moments of privacy increasingly scarce.

Dream tried to do as he had advised earlier and stay still. He grabbed the hem of his shirt until his knuckles were white to keep his hands from fidgeting. That only worked for a few seconds until George began lifting up the rest of his hair. He shifted slightly in his seat, unable to contain himself. Perhaps it was his imagination, but he could have sworn he heard the other laugh softly behind him.

For a while they passed the time in silence save for the minute sound of locks rubbing against skin. It would have been very comfortable if not for the strange tension in the air. It was like both of

them was waiting for the other to say something, equally afraid to state the obvious.

The silence was so dense that Dream nearly flinched when his friend finally spoke. "I can tell that you're flustered". He said it casually as if he were discussing the weather, but the words made Dream want to flee the country. To his horror, he continued. "It's not that that's bad or anything. It's pretty cute". An edge of seriousness seeped into his voice. "But I am a bit confused about why you never said anything about it. You share everything". He tugged on the strand closest to his index finger as he put emphasis on the last word. "So what is it about your feelings for me that you have trouble with?".

Dream stayed silent for a long time, unsure of how to respond. Everything the other said had been completely true. There was not a single page of him unread. He overshared about himself to the point of garnering disrespect from some who did not know him as well. He hid nothing and was proud of it. Except for this one thing, and this one thing only.

And it was not that he was unaware of the inconsistency, but rather he was afraid to delve on exactly why it was that way. If he had the choice he would keep it buried in the back of his mind forever and take it with him to his grave. But Now the only other person in the world besides himself who would be most affected by his secrecy had confronted him on it, leaving him with nowhere left to hide.

"I don't know", he said simply. It sounded dumb, even to his own ears.

He could practically feel George cock his eyebrow. "That's it? You don't know?".

Dream winced, partially from his words, partially from the way he jerked on the half woven torsade. "Well... You know it's more complicated than that".

The Briton apologetically ran his fingers over the crown of his scalp. "If you don't want to answer then that's alright", he assured. "I know things like this can be hard to deal with, and it's okay if you need to figure it out on your own".

Dream put up his hands, unable to shake his head. "It's not that". It really wasn't. He knew it wasn't. He had just said it wasn't. Now George knew for certain that it wasn't.

"It's a lot of things. One of them is that I'm an adult and...". Another tense pause. "Most people have themselves figured out by now. I thought I knew how I worked my whole life. I've never loved a boy the way I love you". The words tumbled out of his mouth like applesauce, sometimes faster than he could stop it, sometimes a struggle to get out. "I've never loved anyone the way I love you".

He waited for George to speak. When he didn't, he kept going. "I've done some research on different labels. Bi, demiromantic, homoflexible- none of them seem to fit. I don't know if any words exist to define me. And I didn't want to say anything to you because I wasn't sure how you would feel. I've never seen you show interest in anyone but women, but then again neither did I until...". His voice trailed off with nothing after it. There it was again, that stupid dam in his brain that restrained him from saying what needed to be said.

To his surprise the thing that broke the silence was George's mouth against his ear, softly hushing him. "I can tell you've been keeping that in for a long time". More harsh truth. As the hands in his hair drifted towards his chest Dream realized that the other was hugging him from behind, arms wrapped around his waist.

"You don't need to label yourself if that doesn't make you comfortable". The words washed over

his ears like cleansing water. "For some people it helps them convey who they are. But not everyone's identity is easily definable. And that's valid". Warm fingers traced small circles into his ribs.

"And you know what else? I think I like you too. Maybe not in the same way, but I know that I really like being your friend". Now it was George's turn to struggle with his words. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you".

Another stretch of silence, this one somehow less stressful than the others had been. He had told his best friend how he felt, and nothing bad had happened. It felt as though the weight of the sky had been lifted from his chest.

Finally the other took his hands off his middle and returned them to the end of the nearly finished braid. He toiled diligently without speaking, nothing left to be said.

After only a few minutes the Briton rose to his feet and stood in front of the other. "Come on, take a look at yourself". He held out his hand for him to grab.

After pulling Dream out of the chair the two anxious men walked together towards the master bathroom. When Dream reached the mirror he was awestruck with his work. Two rows of bullions crowned his head on either side, the ropes of follicles falling down his back and flanking his sides until gracefully ending in tresses around his hips. He looked like a god, and it was all because of his soulmate.

"What do you think?", George asked modestly.

"I look pretty". It was an understatement, but Dream could not find the language to put it any other way.

"More than that", his friend said. "You look perfect. And that's because you are".

That was the first time in many months that Dream had cried.

Chapter End Notes

No, I don't know what Dream's actual orientation is. I've never asked. And honestly I don't really care.

Chapter 8

IVE GOT THREE HOLES 

ONE FOR PISSING

ONE FOR SHITTING

ONE FOR COMMITTING BLASPHEMY

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I AM NOT VELVET.

Now that we have that out of the way, I have some explaining to do.

Near the end of June Velvetiscake tweeted this

<https://twitter.com/VelvetIsCake/status/1408620826811723780>

(For those on mobile- It says "it's funny to me how nobody knows which ao3 fan fictions are written by me".)

A few days later he tweeted this

<https://twitter.com/VelvetIsCake/status/1409248916596396033>

("boomerma, quackity, punz, bunz, badboyhalo, skeppy, skephalo, antfrost, rat in soup, foolishgamer, happy, angst, jealousy, love, more tags to be added" and beneath it "oop wrong website".)

I saw an opportunity and I took it. Immediately I rushed for my computer and started typing like a madman. In less than thirty minutes Rat In Soup was posted.

It was never my intent to actually convince anyone that I was Velvet. I figured no one would think he would write fanfiction about his friends. But I quickly realized I was dealing with the most gullible fandom in the world. And when Velvet clarified later the same day that he was not the author of this book, I also learned many of you have an unspeakable amount of trust issues.

The feedback to RIS is unlike anything I've ever experienced. The first chapter existed only to freak people out. Many parts of what I had written were copy pasted in order to save time. Some of the things listed in the tags were not present in the fic itself (This was done partially as a jab at Velvet's poor tag etiquette shown in his original tweet, partially to keep my fic identifiable). The plot was almost non-existent and the structure was unorthodox. Yet it garnered so much attention. In the span of a few days I had received over one hundred comments, fan art, and acknowledgement from Velvet himself.

Something else happened, too. Another anonymous user posted their own version of Rat In Soup under the same title with the same plot, description, tags, and even some exact dialogue. Their rendition was much more in character and had more traditionally styled prose. I have no confirmation of who the author is or why they wrote it, but a part of me thinks they read my story and thought to themselves "I can do better", so they did exactly that. I am not offended since I did type up chapter one very hurriedly. Also the fact that they even put the time into making this fanfic(?) tells me that my story had meant something to them. I left a comment on their work as an

anonymous user, letting them know exactly what I thought of what they had done.

But it did not end there. Just a couple days later someone else had posted a sequel to RIS Titled "Rat Soup (With A Twist)". The content of the fic was cute and fluffy; but did not gain as much laughter from me as the inaccuracy of the title. More importantly, it told me the same thing that many in the comments of my own oneshot had said: That they wanted more.

Who was I to deny them?

A few days later I began to write again. Many people had expressed disappointment with the lack of Skephalo in the previous chapter, so naturally this one would have to make up for that. I also changed styles completely in order to hit every reader with another smack to the face. This time I went for a parody of poorly written wattpad stories. A blatant seme/uke, excessive detail on unimportant elements, vague description on nearly everything else, lackluster dialogue, etc. It was all there. All the books I had read once before never reading again.

This chapter also introduced a new issue I would have to make a decision on. Do I want to tag every potentially triggering thing, or keep the tags as they are so that when people saw velvet's tweet they would find my story easier? I ended up going with the latter and justifying the untagged vore by only including it for two sentences, in a non-sexual context, and without graphic descriptions.

Of course, the measures i had taken in chapter two would not be enough. I had still made people read vore without preparation. That could not be fixed. So it would have to be made up for.

Another idea I had for RIS was a chapter that started seemingly suggestive only to be revealed to be innocent near the end. My first iteration of this concept was Skeppy encouraging Bad to "Drink his man juice" coupled with excessive descriptions of Bad thoroughly enjoying something in his mouth that would later turn out to be Red Bull. I ended up not going with this since I could not bring myself to make people think that Velvet would write borderline porn of the people he talked with every day. What ended up being published was a couple paragraphs of suggestive description of velvet laying beneath his boyfriend before evolving into fluffy cuddles. there was also a timely element to it; earlier that week Velvet had tweeted about him moving in with Ant soon. If one believed that Velvet was the author of this story (as many people had at this point) chapter three came across as a man day dreaming about spending his life with the man he loved, something that was too cute to pass up.

Shortly after this chapter was uploaded Velvet and Ant moved in together. Velvet also left a number of tweets detailing how happy he was to finally be with him, something that seems a tad out of character of him. Perhaps I'm just looking too deeply into posts about a guy gushing about his boyfriend, but I get the feeling that was Velvet's way of saying he wanted more Velvetfrost content while playing along with the joke; communicating with an anonymous person who almost certainly followed him on twitter without breaking the illusion of him being a secret author.

This chapter also garnered dozens of people calling me a simp. I had never been more proud.

At this point RIS had become something else. Some had caught on that I was not Velvet, and even many of those who believed were becoming unsure. It was not about Velvet anymore, it was about this thing I had created, my magnum opus which had surpassed all my other stories in popularity and formed a community of its own.

So why stop there?

Chapter four was admittedly more of a vent than anything else. The portion of Skeppy and Bad's fandom on twitter had been talking non-stop about the two meeting up in person. Every day someone on my timeline would bring it up. Both content creators were somewhat responsible for this since they had teased hanging out physically for the past two years. Still, that did not stop it from grinding my gears. So I conjured up a story where all of happytwt achieves both its best dreams and worst nightmares at the same time.

Part of this oneshot was inspired by an exchange Bad and Skeppy had had a while prior. Skeppy mentioned that if Bad would not come to him then he would go to Bad and show up at his house unexpectedly. Bad retaliated by saying that if Skeppy did that he would be mistaken for a burglar. Later Skeppy expressed concern that if he followed through on his promise then he would be shot, which Bad did not deny.

I was surprised by the lack of feedback this one received. Maybe that is because the situation was undesirable to most people in Velvet's fandom, maybe it just wasn't as funny as the other chapters had been. Whatever the case, this ended up being one of the least commented on installments.

Chapter five was mostly filler. I decided to experiment with a different style of repetition. Most of the fic is a wall of the same two sentences repeated over and over and ends anti climactically. The most note worthy aspect of it is the note at the end, which was inspired by the sheer number of times someone had told Velvet (and me) that we deserved to be locked in a room with no internet and to have our phones taken from us.

Six was somehow even more of a footnote than the previous chapter. It was prompted by Velvet tweeting an image of FoolishGamers' face and someone else's abs photoshopped onto a shark which he called "Fanfiction inspiration". I had not updated in ten days, so then seemed like a good time to get back to RIS. After about an hour of trying and failing to come up with a decent oneshot, I eventually gave up and ended up leaving a note longer than the 'fic' itself. It mostly served as a reminder that I was not obligated to force something out every time Velvet mentioned something about fan made literature, as well as a warning to my readers of how sporadic my schedule could be.

The next day Velvet tweeted "There is a rat in my soup" in response to a picture of Badboyhalo's dog. To this day I am unsure of exactly what he meant by that. I am almost certain it was a subtle communication to me, but I don't know what he wanted to convey. That he read RIS? That he enjoyed it? That he stayed up to date on each chapter? That he felt antsy about someone impersonating him for this long? That he wanted the rest of his fandom to read RIS? That he saw my note and hoped I was doing alright? That he wanted to read more of what I had to offer? That he resented me for worrying him?

I have not the slightest idea.

Eventually I came back with the "actual fanfiction" I had promised. Seven ended up being one of the best things I had ever written, RIS related or otherwise. It was meant to be a subversion as well

as an homage to Dreamnotfound fanfiction. Inspired by Heat Waves, it featured a flustered and lovesick Dream who had a crush on his best friend. It also contained a George who loved him no matter what and was unafraid to speak his mind around him.

Some of the things Dream struggled with in this chapter came from a personal place. Like my version of him, I am an adult who is still figuring out their own orientation. I am also unsure of what my gender is, if I am 'queer enough' to be part of a non-cis het community, and if I am queer in the 'right way'. I know that many young queer people are dealing with the same thing. I wanted to remind everyone that if you do not feel connected to any label than you do not need to attach yourself to one. You are valid as you are, even if you can not find the words to describe yourself.

I also wanted to shine a light on a reaction to being rejected that I do not see often in romance media. When someone does not return your feelings, but they know exactly who you are, what you think, how you feel, when they know everything about you, even the parts of yourself you are uncomfortable with- and they still love you. Not every rejection ends in heart break. Sometimes just knowing that they still want to be your friend is almost as euphoric as them feeling the same way about you.

What better way to follow that up than with a hard smack of whiplash? Eight was intended to resemble something Velvet would tweet. The effect was made complete with a comment I had left on the chapter, "Wait. This isn't Twitter". RIS had come full circle, from Velvet accidentally posting tags on Twitter to accidentally posting a Tweet on ao3.

And it was not meant to be the end.

I had more planned. A parody of Fingers In His Ass. A collab with the author of The Eye Fic. More Velvetfrost. I was prepared to keep RIS going indefinitely.

What prompted me to make this chapter is this tweet by Velvet

<https://twitter.com/VelvetIsCaked/status/1426321949215453190>

("who the hell is the real "rat in soup" author writing these chapters".)

I have taken this as my signal to lay the illusion to rest. It has gone on long enough that Velvet may be growing a bit concerned. I guess you can only watch someone impersonate you for so long before becoming antsy.

So yes. I am Reddy. I impersonated a man with over five hundred thousand followers. I am the stan mistaken for Velvet, the content creator often mistaken for a stan. And I loved every minute of it.

Every comment where someone laughed. Every time someone told me that they cried. Every expression of confusion. Every person who told me to never write again. Every bit of overwhelming feedback that broke my inbox (it is still broken). Every person who cautiously believed me to be someone I am not. Every person who did not believe Velvet when he said he was not me. Every person who kudosed and bookmarked and came back time after time.

Thank you for making me feel like god, even if it was only for a few weeks.

Chapter End Notes

Links:

I didn't write this lol

<https://twitter.com/VelvetIsCake/status/1409363491241168901>

RIS Impersonator of an impersonator edition

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/32236270>

Rat Soup (With A Twist)

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/32264161>

RIS fan art by Saphrodite

<https://twitter.com/aphanditea/status/1410035767682895877>

Saphrodite's Twitter

<https://twitter.com/aphanditea>

that_feral_rogue, who narrated chapters one and two

<https://youtu.be/wt2WHyIfWvA>

that_feral_rogue's tik tok, where they left their thoughts on each chapter

https://www.tiktok.com/@that_feral_rogue?lang=en

mellointheory, who kept users on tumblr informed on RIS's updates

<https://mellointheory.tumblr.com/>

A meme I edited, inspired by the majority of comments on chapter three (/lh)

https://media.discordapp.net/attachments/707715565820575855/876015421181009940/simpy_boy.jpg

width=461&height=562

Some art made by me hours before Velvet questioned who I was
(The toes are all the times I felt Velvet was acknowledging me. The pad is all of my
readers. The whole world is in my hand.)

<https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/707715565820575855/875790709175746570/god.JPG>

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

This chapter was written by @George_Benji, aka the author of the fic series. Getting the chance to collab with Mercury has been an honor and I can't wait to do it again.

EDIT- AO3 won't let me add Merc as a cocreator. Fuck.

“Bad?!”

Thunder rolls outside Bad’s wooden shack. Wind roars and the rain feels as if it might take down the house at any moment. The window shutters clatter and Bad knows he didn’t close them tight enough, but he’s afraid to get up and fix them.

He’d been living out here, on Big Daddy Island, for about a month now.

It doesn’t get less lonely.

Lightning strikes just around Bad’s house, his room lights up and then the house shakes from the thunder rolling. He clutches his blankets up around himself. He’s frozen to his core and the room reeks of something like rotten eggs.

It feels as if at any moment his shack could be blown down.

“Bad?! Bad no-!”

His window shutters are blown open with a thud and he jumps up, running to close them against the rain and wind. He swears he sees a dark figure looming off in the forest, just past the tree-line. He ignores it, instead jumping back into his bed.

He’s sweating despite how cold he is and his heart races.

Lightning flashes again, thunder rolling in sync, a figure casts a shadow from outside his window.

“Don’t do this! Please, Bad!”

A knock pounds on the front door.

Realistically, Bad should not be getting up and opening his front door. That is exactly what he’s doing though. As soon as he turns the doorknob, the wind blasts the door in, rain hitting Bad’s face like little razors.

There’s no one out there.

Bad squints into the night, the ocean waves crashing on his island and lightning strikes just in front of his house, the thunder rolling enough to knock Bad back into his house onto the ground. He scrambles up, pushing his door closed with everything in him.

He locks the door, even taking a chair from his table to prop in front of the door.

He climbs back into bed, pulling his blankets over his head and squeezing his eyes shut.

-

He wakes up to birds chirping the next morning. Sun shines between the shudders of his window and he smiles as he opens them, only feeling a twinge of fear as his eyes pass the tree-line, where he'd thought that he'd seen a figure.

He brushes it off, moving into the main area of his house to cook himself breakfast. Taking a deep breath as he goes, he can't help but notice how nice the morning smells.

He breaks eggs on a pan and cooks them happily, he dances around the kitchen happily, humming to himself. He plates his breakfast and swivels around towards the kitchen table.

"Hi Bad."

"AH!" he drops the plate, it shatters into a few pieces as his food is strewn across the floor.
"Skeppy?"

There, standing in their own living room, is Skeppy.

"Yeah," Skeppy laughs, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly. "Surprised to see me?"

"Uh—" Bad wants to hug him, wants to hold him so close and never let him go. "Yeah! Of course I'm surprised!"

Skeppy laughs again, "Yeah after what you did, I'd be pretty shocked too."

"Geppy..." Bad reaches a hand out towards him, but takes it back quickly, "I'm sorry."

"Eh, it's whatever, I'm over it now."

Skeppy walks away towards the couch, plopping down onto it and turning on the TV. Bad can't tell if this is real or not yet. He wants it to be real. He cleans his broken plate and spilled breakfast before joining Skeppy on the couch.

He looks between the TV and Skeppy, his eyes watch the TV intently, and he laughs a few times. The TV only plays static.

"Skeppy?" Bad asks slowly, not wanting to scare him off.

"Yeah?"

"I'm really glad you're back."

"I'm sure you are." Skeppy yawns and holds a remote, he presses a button, as if he's changing the channel. "God I hate the HGTV network.. this is so lame, you should get more shows."

"We have Netflix..."

"Oh yeah!" Skeppy presses the button again and the TV flickers for a moment before playing more static. "Oh shit I didn't know they had this channel!"

"Skeppy, stop messing with me!" Bad can't stand this, he knows that what he did was wrong but Skeppy messing with him like this is just too far.

“Stop what, Bad?” Skeppy looks genuinely annoyed so Bad drops it.

The rest of the day goes similarly. Skeppy follows Bad out to their garden and spends the entire time hunting bugs. He spots them and then picks them up and eats them. Bad’s certain that he’s messing with him.

Bad makes lunch and Skeppy doesn’t touch it. His stomach doesn’t even growl.

“Skeppy, you haven’t eaten all day,” Bad worries.

“I’m not hungry,” Skeppy says it so flippantly that Bad doesn’t press the matter.

After lunch they travel to spawn. Most people tend to avoid Bad these days, he misses when he was friends with everyone but at least he still has Skeppy. Ant approaches them when they near the egg and they exchange curt greetings. Skeppy ignores Ant, his entire attention pointed towards the ground, towards the egg.

They return back to Big Daddy Island for dinner and Skeppy doesn’t even get a plate. He watches Bad eat and something squirms in him.

“Are you feeling okay, Skeppy?”

“Yeah, after you killed me I’ve been doing pretty fine.”

Wow. Okay, that cuts deep, admittedly. “Skeppy I didn’t mean to kill you!”

“Yeah, I know, I’m sure. It’s whatever. Like I said, I’m over it now, Bad.”

Bad hums anxiously. “No, no you’re clearly not over it because you’ve been acting off!”

“I’ve been acting off?” as Skeppy asks it, something in his face darkens. Rain starts to pour outside the shack.

“Yes! All day you’ve been acting weird! You didn’t hug me when you got home and you ate bugs and you ignored all our friends! You watched static all morning and haven’t eaten... well except for the bugs.”

Skeppy rolls his eyes, “Oh that’s rich. You don’t even look like yourself anymore!”

Bad feels something in himself break at that. “You think I want to look like this?!”

“Well you certainly aren’t trying not to!”

“I do magic to make myself look normal, Skeppy! It’s hard and requires a lot of concentration!”

“Yeah, so did killing me.”

“It was an accident!”

Skeppy just scoffs at that. Bad’s practically vibrating in his chair, he wants to attack Skeppy but he also wants to finally hug him.

“Skeppy, what is wrong with you?!”

“Fuck you!”

Bad's eyes widen at him. His vision goes red and he becomes bigger than life almost, "LANGUAGE!" His vision clears and Skeppy sits in front of him, across the table, completely silent.

He stays stone still.

"Skeppy?"

A crack starts from his head and travels down his body, breaking Skeppy in two.

"SKEPPY?!" Bad rushes to pick the pieces back up, setting them together, trying to rebuild him. "Please no!" sobs rack his body as his trembling hands try to put the pieces back together.

Thunder rolls somewhere outside the house.

Once it's clear that Skeppy's gone, Bad gathers his pieces and sets off out of the house and towards the trees. He digs a hole into the dirt, the shovel almost slipping from his fingers between the sweat and rain, and burries Skeppy.

He retires into bed after that, shaking and crying as the storm grows outside. The smell of rotting eggs fills his room once again and lightning strikes just past his house, near the trees.

His window gets blown open again and as he fights to close it, he swears that Skeppy's grave has been dug up again.

He ignores that thought and goes back to bed.

"Bad?"

He wakes up to birds chirping the next morning. Sun shines between the shudders of his window and he grimaces at it. The image of Skeppy's dug up grave is all he can picture.

He brushes it off, moving into the main area of his house to cook himself breakfast. Taking a deep breath as he goes, he can't help but notice how nice the morning smells.

He breaks eggs on a pan and cooks them sad and scared almost. There's just the smallest bit of anxiety as he goes about his morning. He plates his breakfast and swivels around towards the kitchen table.

"Hi Bad."

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Credit to Botanic Sage for the original version of Fingers In His Ass.

tw// Toes in his nose

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Toes in his nose, toes in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes
Toes in his nose
Toes in his nose, toes in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes big piggies in his ass

It's true.

GeorgeNotFound he likes big piggies in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes big piggies in his nose
Piggies in his nose, he likes it in the nose
He likes it in his nose, piggies in his nose

Yes, pinkie, middle to the big one
In his nose till the nostrils go numb
West in his nose, north in his nose, east in his nose
Most definitely in his nose

Yes, yes
GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
He likes foot fingers in his
GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
He likes foot fingers in his

GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
Piggies piggies piggies, piggies in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
Gogy likes fingers in his

GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
Piggies piggies piggies, piggies in his nose
GeorgeNotFound he likes, piggies in his nose
Gogy likes piggies in his holes

Nostrils, nostrils, nos-
Piggies piggies piggies, piggies piggies piggies in his holes
Nostrils, nostrils, nos- nos-

I just pissed inside the shower
Cat daddy's gonna make me sleep on the couch again

(Man, fuck Bobby Cole right now. Tell you man, I am so distraught. Fuckin Dream got his manhunts taken down.. This is all horseshit, man. And the heads of Google, I don't even know who the fuck they are. They could just be like... a fucking dumbass sherrif. Running around, doing whatever the fuck they want. Watch out. To the content creators out there... Do not use Bobby's shit.)

Gogy likes it in the nussy, piggies in the nussy ass bitch
Dream daddy been-a been there, piggies in the nussy ass bitch
1 2 3 4 5 6 piggies, piggies in the nussy ass bitch
Gogy loves it in his snot holes, fingers in the nussy ass bitch

Gogy likes it in his anot holes, yes, Gogy likes it in his two holes
Piggies in the nussy ass bitch, he's a piggies in the nussy ass bitch

Toes in the nose.. Toes in the nose.. He likes it.. Inside his nose.

Chapter End Notes

Stuff I wanted to say in chapter nine but didn't get to because it was 3 a. m. and I had been typing for two hours:

I am not comfortable giving out my socials, so if you see someone claim they wrote RIS don't believe them.

I never would have done anything like this if Velvet hadn't laid the bait himself. Also I'm almost certain if I had not done anything then either someone else would have or everyone would be paranoid about every anonymous RPF author on ao3 being him.

Once again I want to emphasize that I never wanted to actually convince people that I was him. I thought almost everyone was at least semi-doubtful from the getgo and would have figured it out by chapter two. If you did not question anything by chapter seven then I don't know what to say. If you somehow still think I am Velvet despite everything then look yourself in the mirror and make sure that you still exist.

Even before I wrote chapter one I took care to not include anything that could get Velvet into trouble, which meant making sure to not break anyone's boundaries or write anything more obscene than what Velvet tweets on a regular basis (which actually left me with a lot of freedom).

Pretending to be Velvet was not difficult at all. IDK if that means he's just predictable

or both our brains travel on the same wavelength or what, but it was really easy to harness his energy.

Some of my favorite comments I've gotten from across various websites:

"If I had not been told that Velvet wrote this then I never would have guessed it was him".

My first death threat. (I'm not bothered. Someone really read a fic of some guys eating soup and said "I'm done. I can't take it. I've reached my limit".)

At least three people compared RIS to Homestuck.

When chapter one was published a few people said that 'Velvet' would be better suited for Wattpad, and honestly I don't know if that's their way of insulting his tag etiquette, praising my humor, degrading my writing style, or a combination of all three.

All the confusion when the soft chapters were uploaded.

Everyone who left genuinely helpful feedback on chapter six.

The people who pretended to hate RIS and 'Velvet' yet came back to read and comment on each update.

"Better than Heatwaves".

Every variation of "Wow you're so talented <3 never write again".

Those who expressed care for my well being even before the reveal.

All you guys who stuck around post reveal.

Speaking of which, I'm probably gonna keep continuing this for as long as I feel like. I'm having too much fun to quit.

Don't worry about other projects I've started, they haven't been abandoned.

And if you're a new subscriber, fair warning that I post a lot of smut and occasionally gore. I doubt any of that will ever be in RIS, but don't be surprised if you see something Not Safe For Work in your inbox.

I think that's everything for now.

Stay sexy,
'Velvet'

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

(puts fic on anon)

(doesn't do it right and ends up blocking RIS from public viewing all together)

whoops.

turns out if you aren't careful about which anon collection you put your fic into then your story will get hidden from search results and might even become barred from other people reading it. I'm not sure exactly which anon collections are safe, but one that I know does NOT do this is "(anonymous) anon". Hope this helps.

Anyway. If you know what my ao3 is then I don't really care. It's not a secret or anything. I just got tired of people subscribing to me just because I wrote RIS and then unsubbing as soon as I uploaded a new fic. It was discouraging and all that, ya know?

Also. I feel like enough time has passed. My tumblr is @oranaro. My MCYT side blog is @pearlescentcow (mostly hermitcraft).

I doubt I'll get a boost in followers or anything. I know y'all mostly just liked RIS for who y'all thought was writing it. And it has been privated for months anyway, so of course it's faded from public consciousness quite a bit. But IDK I feel like y'all deserve to know who was behind the curtain this whole time.

Anyway uuuhhhh shoutout to that one guy who paid actual money to put Rat In Soup on a T-shirt. And Velvet himself for playing along and pretending to be the author of RIS. And Mercury for collaborating with me.

Pretty anti-climatic ending to one of the wildest rides of my life. But yeah. The dream is over. Time to wake up.

Chapter End Notes

seriously velvet, what the fuck

https://www.reddit.com/r/VelvetCake/comments/oxhfzy/ask_me_anything/harl1wj/?context=3

End Notes

Yim yum what a tasty rat.

<https://twitter.com/VelvetIsCake/status/1409248916596396033>

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!